

# FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

### The North Point Law.

By ARCHEY CAMERON, NEW.

CONSTABLE MATTHEWS stood at the door of his little thatched cottage and sniffed inquisitively at the air, when a broad smile of contentment beamed on his wide, happy face and his keen gray eyes twinkled.

"Gosh, but this weather's fine," he exclaimed to himself, and then his glance strayed down the road toward the town store and a large group of men standing in front of it. "Planin' some parade, I reckon." And then he sauntered forth toward the store but not on police business. In fact, Sam Matthews seldom went anywhere on police business—because that business was exceedingly dull at North Point.

"Hi, Sam," greeted some of the men in front of the store, as the officer hove into view. "Gonna pinch some snuff?"

The joke was the oldest in North Point, but Sam hesitated at the store steps and grinned amiably.

"No, just pluggin' along," he countered, humorously, as he pointed to an empty jaw, usually filled with a quid. And then, as he turned his back on the crowd of men and was about to enter the store, a name came to his ears that brought him up short.

"Classon!" Always a name to be reckoned with, mused Sam, as he peered across the bridge toward Parksboro. A name either feared, hated or loved, according to circumstances. To be feared or hated, when the owner of the big mills at Parksboro was mentioned. Nearly 90 per cent of the men at North Point drew Classon Woolen Mills pay envelopes—and nearly 80 per cent of them hated the owner cordially. For he was a hard taskmaster and thoroughly selfish.

Sam gazed sympathetically toward his group of fellow-townsmen as he thought of Classon's latest offense against his workers—a refusal to install a co-operative lunch room where they might get their lunches at cost. And thinking of lunches, Sam smiled reminiscently as he thought of the bright, captivating and ministering little angel—who also bore the name of Classon.

How many of those men, mused Sam tenderly, took slices of chicken, bits of luscious fruit and the like in their lunch boxes and home to their women folk by Dorothy Classon. Dorothy was so unlike her father in every way as to make North Pointers forget she was a Classon—generous to her finger-tips, lovable to her slipper-tips, and democratic to a fault.

Sam listened to the wrangling for a few minutes listlessly—for it was all too well known to him—and was about to enter the store when a dominant voice in the group arrested his attention, and he crouched in the dark of the porch to listen unseen. What he heard chilled every fiber of his body.

They couldn't do this thing, he gasped, as he crouched lower, listening intently. And use him, Sam Matthews, as a tool for their purposes—impossible! It was all very well to hate Classon, to denounce him, revile him, if they would—but this thing—br-r-r—he shuddered. And then he sorrowfully realized that they were right—they could use him—he was their constable, sworn to uphold the law.

Without entering the store, he waited until the crowd dispersed toward their homes, in whispering groups, before he dragged his listless steps up the road toward his home. The moon had risen and threw its silvery ray against the silver of his mottled, downcast head, as he stood at his front gate, wrapped in unhappy reflection.

And then, after a few minutes, he heard footsteps at his back, crunching on the gravel path. They were coming after him—after their constable—to make him do his duty. He hung his head and slightly turned his face toward the house. Then he breathed easier, for the footsteps again receded up the street and he looked up, then was startled.

He recognized the couple. It was Dorothy, and he noted regretfully her happy profile as she leaned on her escort's arm and smiled into his face. Sam knew of the romance of this couple and his warm old heart had rejoiced as, for months past, he had seen the girl stray past his home on the arm of George Fulton, the young assistant superintendent of the mills. A fine match, he agreed. Fulton had fought his way through the mills to the position he now held—perhaps the only one besides Dorothy who commanded a civil word from the elder Classon. Before this night he had gazed fondly at the picture of Fulton's dark handsome head against the golden head of Dorothy as they strolled through North Point.

Sam shuddered now, and then he gazed apprehensively toward the store. No one was in sight. Perhaps it wasn't too late—yet. He might avert trouble after all. And no complaint had yet been made to him as an officer.

He followed the pair stealthily, and then, as Dorothy entered the gate of Mrs. Waters, the widow of an old mill employe, Sam noted that Fulton waited for her. He quickened his step and, passing Fulton with barely a nod, hurried up the walk and rang the bell.

"Old evonin', Mrs. Waters," he greeted the widow briefly as she admitted him. And then, noting Dorothy, he spoke quickly. "Please, Miss Dorothy, the missus wants to see you right away. Will you come now?"

"Why, sure," Dorothy agreed, laying a package of tea on the table before Mrs. Waters' grateful eyes. And then bidding the widow a cheery good-night, she followed Sam outside.

"If you don't mind," he suggested, in a whisper, "we can get through the hedge. It's quicker!"

"But Geor—Mr. Fulton, what about him?" "I'll tend to him," answered Sam briefly. "Please, Miss Dorothy—hurry."

Without question, Dorothy followed the old constable into his sitting room. Mrs. Matthews rose and welcomed her impulsively. Sam left the room hurriedly.

"Why, Miss Dorothy," exclaimed Mrs. Matthews, happily, "this is indeed a surprise!"

"A surprise," echoed Dorothy, non-pulsed. "Why, didn't you send for me?" Mr. Matthews said—

She stopped abruptly as she heard angry voices on the porch.

"Ye'd better sit out—and git quick!" she heard Sam's shrill voice, and then Fulton's deeper rumble came to her ears.

"I'll do no such thing," snapped Fulton. "Miss Classon is with me, and I'm going to see her home. Oh, Dor—" Dorothy heard him start to call her name and then followed a short scuffle, followed by a dull thud. Dorothy screamed and then the door opened and the old constable staggered in bearing Fulton's limp form in his arms, and dropping him on the sofa.

"Mr. Matthews, what have you done?" cried the girl, as she leaned over Fulton's head, and then, as she drew her fingers away wet and stared horrified at Sam, who answered her stare coolly. "How dare you? You've killed him. You brute, you fiend—"

Like a young lioness she sprang at him, who withdrew a pace and held out his arms restrainingly.

"He's not dead," he replied, coolly, and then he turned to his wife with an air of command. "Get some warm water, ma, and bathe his head. He'll come to in a minute. I'll be back soon."

Mrs. Matthews stared at her husband questioning, and then knowingly, as from long association with a man whose worldly wisdom had long since gained her complete confidence, turned a ministering hand toward the young man. Dorothy bent over him, calling to him to come back to life, revealing in her mental distress an understanding long since divined by the older woman, and then just as Fulton's eyelids quivered and he struggled to his feet, the door flew open and Sam reappeared, followed by a clergyman. His reappearance acted as a red flag to Dorothy, but he waived her aside as he went toward the table and took up a leather bound volume.

"Not so quick, Miss Dorothy," he droned, whimsically. "And be a little more respectful to 'ards th' law an' th' clergy."

"Law!" she flared, scathingly. "Is it lawful to strike a man cowardly with a club when he—"

"God moves in mysterious ways his wonders to perform," replied the constable, and then he turned to the clergyman. "Ain't I right, parson?" And then, to cut off another outburst from Dorothy, he opened the book in his hand. "Hold on, Miss Dorothy, and let me explain. To begin with, your Daddy is a mean old cuss, and the boys all hate 'im. They've tried every way they know to get simple justice out of him, but he's just a plain honery, I reckon."

"But, what—"

"Just a minute. He told one of the boys that it didn't matter 't him a darn bit if their wimmen folks did have 't work their arms off. An' that he didn't keer a fiddler's cuss if th' wimmen folks were ashamed of their shabby clothes—nubboddy but a dern fool keered what folks said about 'em, says he. So th' boys wanted 't teach him a lesson. They's an old law down here in this town, what makes it a crime fer a young couple 't be together on th' streets after dark. Nubboddy ever paid much 'tention to it, 'cause I reckon th' jail wouldn't 'a' been large enough fer 'em if they did. Th' boys kinda thought yer Daddy'd be kinda changed a bit if they showed him what disgrace'd mean 't him, and bein' they've noticed our 'n' young Fulton out here several evenings together—they aimed 't have me pinch 't fer violatin' th' old North Point law!"

"But it's ridiculous! Dorothy started to protest, vehemently.

"Granted. But that ain't sayin' y' none, n'r me neither. I knowed they'd catch y' on th' way back 't town, so I had 't keep y' from goin' back. An' from violatin' th' law, too. Th' young feller kinda made it hard fer me, but I've kept y' from bein' pinched." Sam stopped, peered wistfully from the girl to the young man, and then turned his eyes to the book again.

"Th' law also sez," he continued, glancing at the pair through half-closed lids, that a constable kin issue marriage licenses after dark and they ain't nothin' 't keep a married folk from trampin' all over North Point together. Now, th' parson a kinda curious feller, an' when I met him outside a few minutes ago he was kinda wonderin' as whether you and Fulton liked each other enough t—"

Sam's voice

## HELP HIM PROPOSE

MOST MEN WANT DOMESTIC TYPE OF WOMAN AND CULTIVATION OF DOMESTICITY IS ONE OF THE BEST WAYS TO GET A HUSBAND.



"A little home for the two of us."

By EVELYN GREELY

If ever men are analyzed into classes and carefully tagged and labeled, as to the kind of girls they ask to marry them, it will be found that most of them want the domestic type of woman for a life-mate.

Therefore, if you find that your lover is this kind of a man, and you have a domestic disposition, the sooner he learns of it and is sure of it, the sooner he will say those four little words that mean so much to every woman: "Will you marry me?"

By domestic I do not mean gingham aprons and curl papers—far from it. I should call that the "slatternly" type. The "domestic" girl is the girl who makes a man say to himself:

Ge, won't it be great to have a little home for the two of us."

She is the kind of girl that a man can imagine himself coming HOME to from the office or the shop and feeling GLAD that she is there to greet him with a kiss at the door. She is the kind of a girl he can imagine as coming up behind his chair and smoothing back the hair from his forehead.

And she is the sort of girl that he can imagine bending over a tiny crib some day and crooning to a tiny bit of humanity that belongs to them both.

If you are that kind of girl, you will scarcely need to show him—he will find it out for himself.

trailed off into a kind of smothered sputtering, as the girl threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. And then she glanced shyly at Fulton.

"Do we, George?" she asked, whisperingly.

"Let's show them," answered Fulton with alacrity, as he sprang to her side, and with his arm around her tightly, turned to face the clergyman.

"I reckon they do," said Sam a few minutes later as the clergyman handed Fulton a parchment certificate, and imitating the young man he gave Ma Matthews a vociferous hug and a very noisy kiss.

## CONFESSIONS OF A BRIDE

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Weeping Never Makes Bob Tender, As I Expect It to Do.

"I'll keep the yacht cruising off Vera Cruz," Thus Daddy acquiesced with his son's arrangements. "We'll wait aboard her until you bring Chris if it takes all—"

"So, sir! I beg of you not to wait more than three days," broke in Jordan Spence. "If we are not with you by that time, Mr. Lorimer, you must conclude that Bob and I have failed."

"That's so," agreed Bob. "Spence and I can manage to get across the border safely, somehow. Don't worry about us, Dad."

My husband's voice was confident but his words chilled me. I hadn't, up to that minute, had any idea that he would not arrive safely at the seaboard with Chrys and Spence. Of course I couldn't blame Daddy and Morrison. Neither of them knew about the dangers of the secret chambers and dungeons—like tombs—and even if they did know, they were better so stubborn—

Our cars swerved violently. Daddy reprimanded the chauffeur who became embarrassed. He stopped the car and experimented with his controls.

Gene Archer gave us the first hint of our real danger.

"Another shake," he said. "That wasn't a careless skid, Mr. Lorimer."

We didn't hit a bump. I think the quake is coming on again."

"In that case, I suppose we are just as well off here as anywhere else?" Daddy queried.

"Better, perhaps," Archer answered. "The earth may swallow us up, Mr. Morrison, but there are no roofs and no walls to topple down on us."

"Bob is under a roof! And Chrys! Go back! Please—" I begged.

Daddy put a hand on mine. His composure in the face of danger made me ashamed.

Hearts Win in Valentine's Day Contest

It matters little whether St. Valentine's Day guest be children or "grown-up"—the day is calculated to make them receptive to simple forms of merriment. A suggestion for a hostess may be found in the familiar game of quoits.

Hearts for Rings. Heart-shaped rings are made of heavy wire, to throw over the stakes. These rings are wound with satin ribbon, or red crepe paper. Stakes may be chosen and arranged at will. For instance, one stake may be an upright piece of wood on a pedestal, the whole covered with gilt paper, to represent Wealth. The heart-shaped rings which go over this each count five points. Then, for a second stake, a tall tin horn may be set in a

wreath of laurel, representing Fame. Hearts looping this horn count ten points.

Love Scores High.

A third upright, wound with pink paper, with the pedestal wreathed in paper roses, may represent Love. Twenty-five points are won by each player throwing a heart over this stake. And so on through the list of qualities and ambitions, according to the originality of the hostess. Should the party be for children, one stake to catch their interest might be made of white, with a white dove suspended above it to represent Goodness. Hearts looping this might count 50 points.

The limit on scores may be set at 500, or may mount higher should the hostess want the game to last longer, in order to fit with other arrangements for the evening! Awards may be the heart-shaped hoops, or small favors, with other Valentine's Day significance.

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## THE DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—DANNY LIKES HIS MOTHER'S CLASS—BY ALLMAN

